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REAL ESTATE

We will sell you a farm in Christian and adjoining counties.

We know the farm lands of this community and will do our best to sell you a good farm or will sell you a nice house and lot in the city.

We have several attractive farms in our hands for sale. Prices reasonable.

265 acres 1 1/2 miles of Fairview on rural route. Well improved and well watered, about 70 acres of fine bottom land. A bargain at \$10,000.00. Terms reasonable.

215 acres 4 miles south of Hopkinsville on Main Street Pike. Land lies well, good improvements. A nice showy place, good home in fine community.

Come to see us and we will show you something interesting.

Office: Pennyroyal Building.

Pork! Pork! Pork!

Do not neglect your hogs.
Feed a Balanced Ration
and push them to maturity.

In this way you help our government, our army, our navy, our allies and yourself most of all.

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the Best
Proprietary
Remedies
You Read
About



At Prices That Are Right

carry a full line of the standard remedies. And our trade is brisk enough to insure fresh stock at all times. You see it advertised in a reputable paper, and you will find us always able to supply you. We aim to keep in stock all the latest discovered remedies and ingredients prescribed by our local doctors. So, no matter what the description is, bring it to us. Our prices are most reasonable because we know how to buy.

J. O. COOK
DRUGGIST

BRIEF INFORMATION

Sacks made of a fabric woven from paper strips that are twisted with a short vegetable fiber are being successfully used for transporting ore in Chile.

Only three of the original 13 states ratified the Constitution of the United States unanimously: Delaware (the first to accept the Constitution), New Jersey and Georgia.

A false rumor that all pigs were to be commandeered resulted in a wholesale slaughter by pig-breeders at Lincoln, England, which was only stopped by a telegram from Lord Rhonda.

Every man in North Jay, Me., except three own automobiles, and they will soon buy, according to a local correspondent.

A Pittsfield, Mass., man keeps 70 Belgian hares. By means of them he has solved the most problem in his home year in and year out.

A revolving fan recently invented is attached to the back of a rocking chair and whirled over an occupant's head as he rocks.

The Pottsville (Pa.) school board has been defeated in a lawsuit brought against it to enjoin a ruling prescribing the style of high school graduation dresses.

NOTICE

The members of the Nud Meriwether Camp No. 241 United Confederate Veterans, are notified that a meeting of the camp will be held at the office of the Adjutant of the Camp at 10 o'clock a. m., on Saturday, August 31st, 1918, at which time business of importance will be transacted, including election of delegates to the Annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans to be held at Tulsa, Okla., on Sept. 24 to 27, inclusive.

HUNTER WOOD, Sr., Adjutant.
W. P. WINFREE, Commander.

GEN. RADFORD.

The Central News Photo Service has issued a cut of Gen. Cyrus Radford, of this city, with the following comment:

Colonel Cyrus Radford of the U. S. Marine Corps has just been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, according to official dispatches. He is one of the officers in charge of the marines who cut their way through the Hun lines at the battle of Chateau Thierry recently.

In the color scheme of life it's the black sheep of the family that generally develops a streak of yellow.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

SOUTH.
No. 53.....5:44 a. m.
No. 95.....9:20 a. m.
No. 51.....8:42 p. m.
No. 55 Accommodation.....6:45 a. m.
No. 93.....12:46 a. m.

NORTH.
No. 92.....5:17 a. m.
No. 52.....10:00 a. m.
No. 94.....7:55 p. m.
No. 56 Accommodation.....9:00 p. m.
No. 54.....10:19 p. m.
W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

NORTH BOUND.
332 leaves at 5:35 a. m. for Princeton, Paducah, Cairo and Evansville.

302 leaves at 11 a. m. for Princeton, connects for East and West at 12:45 leaves at 3:05 for Princeton.

SOUTH BOUND.
321 arrives from Princeton at 7:10 a. m.
301 arrives from East and West at 6:45 p. m.

TENNESSEE CENTRAL R. R.

EAST BOUND.
12 leaves for Nashville at 7:15 a. m.
14 leaves for Nashville at 4:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND.
11 arrives from Nashville at 10:55 a. m.
13 arrives from Nashville 8:00 p. m.
C. L. WASHINGTON, Agent.

The Washington Mirror

By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For several days Mrs. Tilford had been dreading.

Mr. Tilford had noticed with uneasiness that she scarcely touched her meals, read listlessly as though her thoughts were a thousand miles away, started if spoken to, and acted generally as though life on this particular bit of terrain were not worth the effort.

"What's the matter, Elsie; don't you feel well?" he asked. "You look tired."

"Oh, no, I'm all right," she answered in surprise. "Why?"

"You just don't seem to act right, that's all."

"I'm perfectly well," she repeated, and pretended to go on with her reading.

But after another day of "acting like a wet hen," as Mr. Tilford unpatently and unsympathetically put it to himself, he decided that something was wrong. Why else would she sit looking straight through him at something just beyond, sigh dejectedly every two minutes by the clock, and convey by every motion the idea that all her friends were dead and she was about to follow.

"Aren't you happy, Elsie?" Mr. Tilford asked the next day. "Are you worried about something?"

"Worried? No. Why should I be worried? I'm perfectly happy, perfectly!" And she sighed again.

Mr. Tilford scratched his head in perplexity as he resumed his paper. Women were queer creatures. He had been married fifteen years and every year had added to the conviction. Not that he didn't love Elsie—quite the other way. Her very unreasonableness seemed to endear her to him more every year. That was one thing about Elsie, life had no chance to get monotonous with her. She kept things interesting.

But this new and entirely unsuspected side of her was baffling. He had never known her to worry, actually fret, you might say, before. He had



Mrs. Tilford Was Visibly Drooping.

always felt that she didn't take things seriously enough, particularly where money was concerned. She was fond of pretty things for herself and for the house, and sometimes, as in the past winter, Mr. Tilford had been compelled to remonstrate.

"You see, my dear, we can't have things in war times," he had explained. "I know you'd love to have those furs and that new mirror, and a chow dog, but, dearie, don't you think it would be better to let the government use the money?" And after an argument that consumed more words than this whole story, Mr. Tilford won out—one third of the way; that is, Mrs. Tilford got the furs and Ching, a Chinese Chow. She agreed to do without the mirror for the hall.

By Wednesday evening Mr. Tilford was in despair. Mrs. Tilford was visibly drooping, and still no sign of the malady making itself known. "It has been a hard winter on her, poor girl. We have given up all the little extras she's been accustomed to—theaters, expensive dinners and all that. I suppose now that it's coming spring, it's sort of a reaction. There's no doubt that this war's hard on the women. My income tax would have bought her lots of pretty things. Perhaps I have been a bit hard on her, preaching economy the way I have."

Just then his eye fell on a cartoon in the "funnies," where Mrs. Bing asks Mr. Bing as he departs for work if he remembers what day it is. Mr. B. answering her that he does, spends the day trying to figure out whether it's her birthday, their wedding anniversary, the date of her mother's death, and sends home candy, flowers and a variety watch, an occurrence not presented

for years. That evening Mrs. Bing, after expressing her delight, asks her spouse if he's paid the rent. This is rent day, you know, Granddaddy! Mr. B.'s pockets are empty. Faints. Curtain.

Mr. Tilford was too worried to laugh, but it gave him an idea, and he looked at the date on the paper. The eleventh. Was their anniversary near? Could that be what Elsie was fretting for? He ran over the ensuing dates in his mind, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth of April. Had any thing occurred then? The fourteenth. Why, yes, that was it, their wedding anniversary! A light was breaking. His wife was fretting for something and was afraid to ask for it. Bless her heart! He'd have to find out.

"Elsie, we have an anniversary in a few days," he began tentatively. "Do you—do there anything you would like?"

"No, Henry, nothing, thank you." He smiled. He'd no idea that her training in economy had been so thorough. After all war was a good thing in its way. It disciplined people. He could afford to be generous.

"Well, think it over, my dear. If you change your mind let me know and we'll see what we can do."

Then Mr. Tilford had an inspiration. He thought of the mirror.

"Of course, that's what it is," he thought delightedly. "Elsie's been cleaning house and doing over the hall and she wants that Washington mirror she's talked about all winter. I'll have to look it up."

For two days Mr. Tilford looked at colonial mirrors. He went to every store, art shop and antique bazaar in town, until he had seen enough mirrors to build the Crystal Palace. By that time he was so confused he didn't know what he wanted, so he determined to let price make the choice. If Elsie wanted a mirror she should have a good one, and so he decided on one at Gormley's for two hundred dollars, which they assured him was a genuine antique.

On the night of the fourteenth Mr. Tilford, carrying a box of roses, arrived home in high spirits. The mirror by this time had no doubt arrived and the cloud which had hovered over Mrs. Tilford for a week would be gone. How lucky he had thought of getting it.

What then was his surprise on entering to find Mrs. Tilford in the hall in a towering rage, and before her on the floor two Washington mirrors, identical from the eagle on top to the gold festoon on the sides and bottom.

"They told me it was genuine antique, and then sent me two. Are they to be had like mouse traps, six for a nickel, that they're so common? I only bought one."

"One! You bought one," said Mr. Tilford faintly.

"Yes, Henry. I bought myself a mirror for an anniversary present and it's been pinching my conscience ever since. I—I was afraid you wouldn't approve of it, and it's been worrying me dreadfully. I'd have countermanded the order but I couldn't think of any excuse. Now I've got a good one and back they'll both go. Antique—humph! But I'm glad they made the mistake."

"Dearie, it wasn't any mistake. I sent you one for an anniversary present. They told me it was genuine antique, too."

"Henry Tilford, you old dear! Did you really think of our anniversary? I was sure you'd forget after all; that's why I bought my own present. But, oh, Henry, how I've worried. You see I sent the bill to you."

"It's all right, honey. Here's some roses and if you'll just cheer up and not worry and stop sighing I'll give you the four hundred dollars, too. I guess I have been pretty tight with you lately."

"Then," said Mrs. Tilford promptly, "I'll buy Liberty Bonds and Savings Stamps. Washington's picture on them will do for me."

And Mr. Tilford was satisfied.

THE MARKET BASKET.

(Prices at Retail.)

Breakfast Bacon, pound.....60c
Eggs per dozen.....35c
Butter per pound.....50c
Bacon, extras, pound.....35c
Country hams, large, pound.....35c
Country hams, small, pound.....37 1/2c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....35c
Lard, 50 lb. tins.....\$14.50
Lard, compound, pound.....30c
Cabbage, per pound.....10c
Irish potatoes.....30 cents peck
Lemons, per dozen.....60c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....40c
Sweet potatoes.....60c per peck
Cornmeal, bushel.....\$2.35
Oranges, per dozen.....85c
Cooking apples, per peck.....60c
Onions, per pound.....7c
Flour, 24-lb. sack.....\$1.05
Black-eyed Peas, pound.....12 1/2c
Navy Beans, pound.....18c

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